

CLOVER

A Play in Two Acts

By

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Cast of Characters

MAN: Thin male in his 20's
WOMAN: Country-pretty girl in her 20's
BOBBI: Slightly overweight man in his late 40's
JAMES: British-speaking man, well-dressed, in his 30s
2 couples and a single man (non-speaking roles)

Scenes

Diner – single booth with other booths of people who slowly leave to empty the place. Small counter with empty barstools; pie carousel on the counter.

Time

A single night – Saturday, June 21, 1986

ACT 1

SCENE 1

SETTING:

Café with a few people scattered in booths that face the audience. There is a huge storm outside, we can hear the rain hitting the roof. A Dodger game is on a TV front stage left the audience cannot see, but can quietly hear a Vin Scullyeque voice. A MAN rushes into the café. He is wet, not soaked to the skin, but wet. He sits down into the first booth closest to the door with the TV on the opposite wall so he can see it. A waiter, BOBBI, dressed in a yellow top with black pants looks at him and purses his lips.

MAN breathes a huge sigh of relief. A WOMAN, country pretty, rushes in from the rain. She stops when she sees the man in the booth, blows out a little air, throws off a silent shrug to no one and sits on the opposite side of him, startling him.

WOMAN

Oh, I apologize. I just grabbed the first spot. I didn't...

MAN

It's ok.

(WOMAN slowly starts to get up)

WOMAN

I'd rather not, but I... well, if I have to I'll...

MAN

No. Sit. Please.

(pause as WOMAN sits)

Jesus, this rain.

WOMAN

I know right? Monsoon season. Brutal.
(she coyly leans forward)
I saw you a few times coming down 5.

MAN

You did?

WOMAN

Yeah. There's not a lot of us out right now, you know.
Bound to pass... or be passed.

MAN

A ton of semis.

WOMAN

I know, right?
(pause)
Can't see them though.

MAN

They can't see us. That's the problem.

WOMAN

Yeah, that's...
(pause)
What I meant was I can't their faces. Yours I could see.
Eye level you know.

(WOMAN stares out of the window. Lights flicker, TV goes out. The waiter, BOBBI, enters, goes over to the TV and turns on the Dodgers game before turning to walk toward the table)

WOMAN

Ooh, that storm! Nasty.

MAN

Haven't seen it like this in a long time.

WOMAN

From around here? Oh that's a stupid question, I know. No one is from...

(BOBBI reaches the table)

BOBBI

Pardon me. You two need anything?

WOMAN

Well, coffee. Coffee for sure. It's late. Got places to go, but...

BOBBI

Yeah I get you. Gotta stay alert. You sir?

MAN

Coffee as well. Menu?

(BOBBI points to the menus
stuck in amongst the
condiments)

MAN

Thanks.

(BOBBI exits)

WOMAN

Sorry.

MAN

For?

WOMAN

I know you're not from around here. Why would you be on 5 if you... well, traffic is brutal.

MAN

With all the rain and the semis...

WOMAN

Yeah. That rain.

MAN

It's not stopping.

WOMAN

It will.

(pause)

Valley's a desert, not an ocean.

(pause)

Traffic'll be the same. Not sure it can be stopped. Coming from up north, like me? How far? Stockton? Redding?

MAN

Sacramento.

WOMAN

Got a girl up there? Special?

MAN

Could say so.

WOMAN

Playing me? You're not playing me are you?

(pause)

Sorry, teasing comes natural, I...

MAN

No. My mother.

WOMAN

Playing your mother? That's not very nice.

MAN

Funny. No, my mother lives in Sacramento. Sacramento area.

WOMAN

Sounds vague.

MAN

Heard of Roseville?

WOMAN

Sounds pleasantly placid. Can't say I have.

(pause)

Heading where?

MAN

Back home.

WOMAN

LA?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

Or LA area?

MAN
Glendale.

WOMAN
Or Glendale area?

MAN
Glendale. And you?

WOMAN
And me? And me what?

MAN
Around here?

WOMAN
Spent time here. Anymore, it's... I just don't want to.

MAN
LA?

WOMAN
Isn't everyone?

MAN
San Diego?

WOMAN
San Diego? Ha. No. That's not my... LA. LA is me.

MAN
LA LA?

WOMAN
If you mean downtown, no. Hollywood – West Hollywood.

MAN
Actress?

WOMAN
Address?

MAN
Ack-tress.

WOMAN

I was going to say — fast mover. Kind of threw me there. Working on it. Been in, you know, couple commercials. Voice. Radio. Nothing special.

MAN

Sounds special.

WOMAN

Local stuff. Stores.

MAN

Like what kind?

WOMAN

Not that you'd recognize... unless you know Spanish.

MAN

Can't say I do. Restaurant Spanish is about it.

(MAN grabs menus; hands her one)

WOMAN

Whew. It's been one of those days, you know? One where the day flies like a grasshopper into a windshield. I'm doing it, I am, but the do seems to be more difficult than I thought. Ought to be simple you know? But there's always a complication tossed in for good measure.

MAN

(pointing at menu)

Like anything?

WOMAN

You offering? If you are? That'd be nice. A man hasn't bought me a meal in ages.

MAN

I find that hard...

WOMAN

Don't.

(WOMAN gets flirty)

Not without expectations. There's no need to 'find' anything, really. Discovery is best left for explorers.

(WOMAN briefly scans menu)

Waffles. I want waffles. Would you like waffles? Waffles to share with me? We'll have waffles.

MAN

Waffles are good... with chicken.

WOMAN

Heard people like it that way. Kind of weird to me.

MAN

Not so weird. It's the sugar and salt. Salt from the chicken...

WOMAN

Fried chicken?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

Sugar from the syrup. I can see that.

(BOBBI returns, turns over coffee cups, pours)

BOBBI

I assumed caffeinated.

WOMAN

You assume correct.

BOBBI

Course I'll have to upcharge you.

MAN

For caffeine?

BOBBI

Sharing waffles. Thought I overheard sharing.

(pause)

I overheard sharing, right?

(WOMAN nods)

You're getting upcharged. It's like a plate-and-a-half. What kind?

WOMAN

Freshest you got.

BOBBI

We're rounding second toward midnight.

WOMAN

But the Dodgers...

BOBBI

It's a rain delay. I think. May not even be tonight's game.
I don't pay attention. Long season.

WOMAN

It's not.

MAN

Not what? Long season?

WOMAN

It is, but it's not... a re-broadcast.

MAN

How do you know?

WOMAN

It would be today's game. Playing the Padres. Game 2 of a 3
game series.

(points both thumbs at
herself)

Baseball fan.

BOBBI

Fantastic. Happy for you. Nothing's fresh – even the game.
Baseball's stale. How about buttermilk?

WOMAN

How 'bout those. Yes.

BOBBI

I'll bring fruit for them too. It won't be fresh either.
It's just fruit, like a compote or something.

WOMAN

Is that a jam?

MAN

It's a jam.

BOBBI

Technically, there's a difference. Not a jelly, but still sticky... like a jam. Everything here's a jam.

(pause)

Do you care to know more? Is that it?

WOMAN

That's it... for now.

(BOBBI moves over to another booth, grabs dirty dishes and exits. Lights flicker off and on.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 1

SCENE 2

SETTING: MAN and WOMAN are in the booth.
Lighting has become more keyed
onto the main characters. A couple
in another booth drops money down,
get up and leave.

MAN
Well they're brave. Damn this storm!

WOMAN
Maybe just anxious and you don't control... well who am I.
Maybe you do. Maybe you're a weatherman, a meteorologist.

(MAN smiles)

MAN
Graphic designer.

WOMAN
(flirtatious)
What kind of graphics? Graphic graphics?

MAN
Dolls.

WOMAN
You design dolls?

MAN
Packaging. Barbie.

WOMAN
Barbie...

MAN
For Germany... and Japan... Central America...

WOMAN
Do you like them?

MAN
I just design the packages.

WOMAN

The dolls?

MAN

I prefer...

(BOBBI comes up to the booth.)

BOBBI

Good man you got here. All up for buying... overheard that too.

MAN

I'm only...

(BOBBI shushes him, talks to WOMAN)

BOBBI

Got be careful now. Strangers all over the place.

WOMAN

I'm a girl who can keep her place.

BOBBI

Or at least keep yourself situated in a place where you have control... or thinking you have some control.

WOMAN

I can control my diet.

BOBBI

When you share... anything you got.

WOMAN

Girl's got to keep some secrets, right?

BOBBI

Secret's are all in the timing. Coffee?

WOMAN

Fresh?

BOBBI

If you're asking if I picked the Guatemalan beans, hulled, dried and roasted them, no. If you're asking in terms of the actual brewing process? Yes. Fresh grounds and water.

WOMAN

Guatemalan. You know your coffee. I assume that's water not currently coming from the sky.

BOBBI

Not that water.

(BOBBI points outside)

Aqueduct pure – pure as Sierra Nevada runoff.

(BOBBI pours coffee)

Course on a night like this? Can't be too careful. Brings out the strangest... not saying you're strange, pal. Your smooth face makes you look like you come straight from the Sunday comics... like an Archie.

MAN

I'm just here...

BOBBI

Getting dry.

MAN

Biding time.

WOMAN

With a lovely woman.

BOBBI

Uh huh. Well, you best keep a tight leash on this one. Watch out for him.

MAN

Tight leash?

BOBBI

It's meant to be metaphorical pal. I'm not privy to your sex life, and don't want to be.

WOMAN

(interrupts)

The rain. It's like trying to figure out the menu. Big menu. Lots of options. Damn near international.

BOBBI

You did well. Stuck with breakfast.

(BOBBI nods then exits.
Lights flicker a couple
times then go out.)

MAN

Whoa.

WOMAN

Bad enough the downpour outside.

MAN

I meant our waitperson.

WOMAN

Seems well-meaning..

MAN

A little protective of...

Women? I don't know, not really. He's — here — what's to
know? Perhaps he's seen more than we have going on in this
24/7. A woman... alone... like me.

(Lights come back on)

MAN

There we go.

(MAN looks toward the TV)

Dodgers back on too.

WOMAN

Love my Dodgers. Hershiser? Yum.

(pause as they listen to
the game for a moment.)

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

Dodgers are struggling handling the baseball and the
Padres. Padres, you recall, were in the World Series just
two seasons ago. Unlikely World Series participants, they
beat the Cubs to get there, coming back from a 2-0 deficit.

MAN

Hershiser's pitching?

WOMAN

Not tonight. Reuss is on the bump. Rare start.

(WOMAN watches the game)

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

There goes Gwynn. Safe! Quick throw by Trevino is wide of the bag and Gwynn ends up at third. Oh my, another error.

(WOMAN turns back to MAN)

WOMAN

(serious)

Look. Not going to lie to you. I am meeting someone, someone who may be plenty pissed you're sitting here when he comes in.

MAN

So you're not alone.

WOMAN

I am, but I'm not. I need you... and I need you here.

(WOMAN pats the seat)

I'm not diseased. C'mon.

(MAN moves over the same side as WOMAN)

MAN

Are you in trouble?

WOMAN

I'm not so worried.

MAN

If this is going to be...

WOMAN

Not trying to tell you what to do, just trying period, to keep the peace. Let's push no agenda but calm. Cool and calm. It's what I do. I'm the calm. LA calm.

MAN

What do you do?

WOMAN

Didn't I...?

MAN

Actress. Right.

WOMAN

Then again what don't I do. Fact is I'm looking for something half the girls in LA County are looking for? A break. A dime sitting in a phone booth to pay for one half of a phone call that'll get me full time famous. Not much for a girl to do but push the dream.

MAN

But why here?

WOMAN

Why here?

MAN

Why are you here now?

WOMAN

This isn't an end; it's a beginning. I'm just... traveling. Takes you places. The rain. Made me stop as much as you.

(pause)

Now I've got something to tell you... well, ask you. Do me this favor. It's not much of a favor, but it's one you've kind of put yourself into.

(MAN pushes on table to get up; WOMAN grabs his arm)

WOMAN

It's okay. It'll all be okay. It'll all be great.

MAN

But you're meeting a man.

WOMAN

Girl's got to plan and when the plan involves the dream the dream involves the man...

MAN

Late night? On a Saturday?

(MAN sits)

WOMAN

You got to work with me. I'm asking for your help.

MAN

I don't know if I can help.

WOMAN

But you can. I know you can.

(WOMAN grabs MAN'S hands)

I can feel it. Can't you? I saw you. On the highway. On 5.
I saw you. You saw me. It's why we're here... here together.

(pause)

MAN

Look. I don't need any...

WOMAN

Trouble? There's no trouble. I'm not worried. Leave now?
There may well be. I need you. There's reasons. Be with me...
play with me. Play until it's all played out. It's like a
game. Humor me.

(pause)

I'll beg. If I have to I'll beg. Don't leave. For your
sake... and mine. Please do not leave.

(pause)

MAN

You could run.

(WOMAN lets go of MAN'S
hands)

WOMAN

What?

MAN

Run. Just go.

WOMAN

That's cute.

MAN

He's not here.

WOMAN

Oh, he's here. Not 'here' here, but here. There's a wide-
open canyon of trust between us... him and me. I suppose
there ought to be in... I wasn't given an option. I'm here.

MAN

I think there's always...

WOMAN

An alternative? My alternative? Not a fan.

(WOMAN gets a bit animated)

I know you do... you want to help. Like I said, I can feel it, I can and so can you.

(MAN hesitates)

WOMAN

Good. It's settled.

MAN

It's not...

WOMAN

Yes, it is. And it's far better for you to stay; far better. You'll help by listening.

MAN

Now I'm not supposed...

(WOMAN quickly kisses MAN)

WOMAN

I'm not saying you need to be a mute... but when you talk? Agree. You're going to have to spend a lot of time agreeing. Just agree – leave the specifics to me. Leave them lying there. Don't pick them up; don't question them. Leave them to me.

(pause)

Thank the gods of delectable fate you're here.

(WOMAN looks at pie
carousel on the counter)

Sharing's good. Waffles. Chicken. And pie. We can share a slice of pie. You know, later. After waffles and chicken. You like pie? I love pie. Love it. Partial to fruit. You?

MAN

I can do fruit.

WOMAN

But you like creamy.

MAN

I can do fruit.

WOMAN

You like creamy. Everything?

MAN

Everything?

WOMAN

Creamy. Like everything creamy? You know... like your coffee. Like it creamy?

MAN

Depends upon the source.

WOMAN

Are you picky? Coffee snob?

MAN

If I were I wouldn't have...

WOMAN

You would've stopped here anyway. It's a monsoon. And what? You're going to hang out at the truck stop? Look at you.

MAN

I can...

WOMAN

No, you can't. Dressed like a college boy. I could, but I'd rather not. Then again, I'm... I need to be here.

MAN

Who is he?

WOMAN

He's... well... he's him.

(lights flicker again, then
go out)

WOMAN

Let's not question anything.

MAN

But if I...

WOMAN

Don't. Just don't. Roll with it. Thunder'll answer; work the storm. Let the downpour be whatever you desire.

MAN

My desire is to be dry, and then...

WOMAN

Good. Great. We're wet now. We'll get dry and warm together later.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 1

SCENE 3

SETTING: MAN and WOMAN are in the booth.
WOMAN is cuddling up to MAN.

(A well-dressed British male, JAMES, suddenly shows up beside the booth after the lights come back on.)

JAMES

Well if this isn't just absolutely fascinatingly cozy... and perfectly to form. I'm chuffed.

(JAMES plops into the booth across from them)

A man's got to come out of the rain sometime. Who's he? Are you the one? Is he the one? Is this... him?

WOMAN

Yes.

JAMES

Well, interesting. Damn. I didn't think you'd bring... thought so much you weren't... well this ought to be easier; should be easier this way. Fuck you find nancy boy? Neiman Marcus? Christ, thought I'd seen all.

(pause)

One side. That's good. Least we don't have to do some sort of Chinese fire drill. Need you both where I can see you without stressing my neck muscles.

(JAMES strains his neck, then nods toward WOMAN)

You I don't trust so much.

(JAMES nods toward MAN and is sarcastic)

You I don't know at all. This is good, so good.

(pause)

Well, I believe it's good. Is it?

WOMAN

It's good.

JAMES

Are we sure?

WOMAN

We're sure.

JAMES

Ought to be. This is... well should be...
(JAMES slaps his hands)
Aces. The exchange? Just an equitable DP...

MAN

DP.

JAMES

I'm not asking... no. Her. That's it. Just the DP. Now? Hmmm.
We can move it up. The time. Delicious. Move it up a tad.

WOMAN

Can you...?

JAMES

Can I? You do realize, and I know you do, to whom you are
talking, correct? You know. Done deal...

(nods toward WOMAN)

if you...

(nods toward MAN)

and you...

MAN

Well I...

JAMES

Well you... well you. Listen to him. Nice one. Good Lord,
woman. Might you have let him grow a little bit before you
rudely yanked him out of the ground?

WOMAN

The exotic...

JAMES

Of course. Christ, of course. Anything different? Have we
entered another dimension? I think not. No. Merchandise is
all... feathered. There's nothing changed... changing. I have
this down, as you know, to a science. Procedural.

(MAN is paying more
attention to the Dodger
game. JAMES notices.)

JAMES

Why on earth do you keep looking at the idiot box?

MAN

Baseball.

JAMES

The Los Angeleez team?

WOMAN

The Dodgers.

JAMES

Right. The Dodgers. You own the Dodgers?

MAN

No.

JAMES

What is it to you? Money? Money on the outcome?

MAN

No.

JAMES

No. No. Aren't you just a squidgy parade of negative.

MAN

Giants fan.

(JAMES cranes to see the
game behind him as well as
keep on eye on the MAN)

JAMES

Are those your Giants?

MAN

No.

JAMES

There you go again. So these Dodgers, aren't even playing
your Giants? Do you live in LA?

WOMAN

He lives in LA. And I like the Dodgers.

JAMES

I know you know... and I know. I want to inquire for my own vague interest. Live in LA?

MAN

Yes. Brentwood.

(WOMAN gives him a look)

JAMES

You sure?

MAN

Sure.

JAMES

Fascinating. I don't believe I inquired to what part. Brentwood? Huh. Figures.

(pause)

Giants fan? And you tell me that for what reason? Makes me want to trust you less. Christ. You're from the northern section of this codswallop state?

MAN

No.

JAMES

And there we go again. No. Of course not. Jesus. Look. Here. Look here. Just be here. It's for your own good.

(JAMES breaks the quiet by hitting the table)

Here. Okay? Not there.

(JAMES points to TV)

It's June the something. I recall your baseball is a long season. Bloody relax. Be here or... well, you'll be...

(BOBBI comes to the booth, JAMES notices his nametag)

JAMES

Bobbi? With an 'i'? Lose a bet? Parents can't spell?

BOBBI

Clerical error.

JAMES

Clerical error? Hmm. New?

BOBBI

Nope.

JAMES

So you're serving up slop in a place catering to nobodies from nowhere with a woman's name? Off your trolley, mate? Get that fixed pronto.

BOBBI

Big corporation. Takes time.

JAMES

Working here long?

BOBBI

Long enough.

JAMES

How come I've never seen you before? Not like you're hard to miss... Bobbi with an 'i.'

BOBBI

Here on Saturdays?

JAMES

Is this Saturday?

BOBBI

Yes, sir.

JAMES

No I have not had that distinct pleasure on a Saturday... until tonight.

BOBBI

That's why you missed me. It's my shift.

JAMES

Your only shift?

BOBBI

Well no.

JAMES

Still haven't seen you.

BOBBI

There's lots of people I haven't seen.

(pause)

JAMES

Maybe, just maybe, it's not your nametag.

BOBBI

Want to ID me? I'll go get my ID for you of that'll make you a happier customer. It's what it's all about.

JAMES

The more satisfied I am the greater your tip.

(pause - to WOMAN then to

BOBBI)

Well, she'll tip better. I'm just here for coffee.

WOMAN

If I'm happy, he'll be happy.

BOBBI

Then I'll be right back.

(JAMES taps his empty
coffee cup on the table)

JAMES

Can't leave without pouring me a cup.

BOBBI

Should I be doing anything for you until I prove who I am? Yeah, I poured them cups. They didn't seem to have issue with my name. But if you...

JAMES

No. Don't need it.

BOBBI

Now we're good?

JAMES

We're 'good' as you Americans like to say. As far as our purposefully brief relationship? Yes. I don't take much stock in it, but I do read people quite well. Whatever wrong turn you took to end up here in this Shangri-La of slop? And I can see it was a wrong step, a cock-up by the way you handle yourself, it's on you.

(pause)

Pour me some damn coffee and make yourself scarce.

(BOBBI pours and leaves.
JAMES turns to MAN.)

JAMES

You want? You have. Can't make it any more simple.

WOMAN

He's got.

JAMES

Oh, he does, does he? You're my feeder.

(to MAN)

It's a system. Like your minor league baseball. Yeah, that's good. You can't send them up without training? That wildness? That inexperience? Got to train them for their new domesticity. Those with a ton of potential spend little time before... being promoted. Others remain in the minors. Minors. Correct vernacular?

MAN

It is. I prefer major league.

JAMES

Well okay, big shot. Delicious. I'll give it a go.

(JAMES looks toward WOMAN
and speaks to her.)

I believe he and I, oh what is it this country says? Oh. We need to 'feel each other out.' That's good.

WOMAN

Why is it always...?

JAMES

Because, dear, it is. I am..

(JAMES karate chops high)

You're...

(JAMES karate chops low)

Now, dear, you need to be..

(JAMES makes a baseball
'out' signal)

like your Dodgers.

(BLACKOUT)

(END SCENE)

ACT 1

SCENE 4

SETTING: JAMES and MAN in the booth.
Uncomfortable silence is filled
only by the Dodger game.

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

Steve Garvey's striding up the plate for the sixth time. He's taken his swings tonight, measured as always. Nice man, Steve. Certainly a good Dodger in his prime and still can swing the bat well. Two seasons ago with the Cubs up two-zip in the NLCS, it was Garvey who put the Padres on his back and propelled them to the World Series. No team was going to deny the Tigers that year though as they buried the Padres with a four-oh sweep.

JAMES

It's frightfully warm out there, a swamp of air. Too warm for rain but here we are, right? It's like this place is some sort of Dante swamp.

MAN

Technically a swamp would already have...

(JAMES leans forward closer
to MAN)

JAMES

Technically... hmm. Listen carefully. This booth? Diner? General area? Controlled... by me. Does that work for you? Certainly hope so.

(pause)

Does it?

MAN

It does.

JAMES

Are we sure?

MAN

We're sure.

(JAMES leans back into his
side of the booth)

JAMES

I see you people. I do. Don't think I don't. Part of what I
do, and it can be amusing. However, there seems to be a
rush here... a push. Is it big?

MAN

Is what big?

JAMES

Whatever your event? Your gig. Your ball. Soiree.

(pause)

So that's none of MY business? Is that it?

(pause)

What if I make it my business? What if... and there is no
'if' I can only presume... you 'event' can't be an 'event'
without me? I suspect that's too true.

(WOMAN comes back into
scene; stands at TV to
watch game)

JAMES

Who is it they are playing again?

MAN

What? I'm not... I'm looking at...

(MAN nods toward WOMAN)

JAMES

You can't see to me, you're seeing through me.

MAN

Watching her.

JAMES

She's nothing. Not important. Screw her. I mean... well
possibly. Possibly. Not like she hasn't.

(JAMES looks around then
grabs MAN by the throat. He
turns to look at WOMAN,
turns back and lets go)

JAMES

Oh watch the game. Cracking.

(JAMES yells toward WOMAN)

What innings is it?

WOMAN

Inning. 11th.

(JAMES waves her over)

JAMES

Not trying to give you signals to steal third, just trying to get you to... get over here. Now.

(WOMAN saunters over.)

Good girl. Now shut the bloody hell up.

(pause)

Chavez?

(pause)

Now don't say 'looks like' or 'no.' I know enough. I've been there. Charming stadium. But if you can't tell if it's Chavez Ravine you're no fan of your baseball and that means you're fucking with me. You aren't fucking with me are you?

WOMAN

Chavez.

JAMES

Palm trees?

WOMAN

Yes. Chavez.

(pause)

JAMES

Eleventh inning. Sitting close to eleven.

(to WOMAN)

Your eyes that bad? Can't be.

MAN

Perhaps a rain delay.

JAMES

Rain delay? Interesting theory. First of all, weatherman, we're a solid three hours away from Chavez Ravine on a good night. Second? I'm convinced you know nothing of this game. Makes me wonder if you were sent here as a lamb. Christ. Eleventh? Seeing daylight?

MAN

Not so much.

JAMES

Not so much? Christ, you either see the light... or you don't. Good God. If you're seeing light? It's a repeat performance. If it's a repeat performance you're telling me you'd rather watch rehashed baseball than pay attention.

MAN

I'm just trying to dry off.

JAMES

Uh huh. We all are. May need a bloody raincoat later.

(JAMES laughs)

MAN

I see light, bright light.

JAMES

In your head or on the screen? Better be on screen. Not ready for an epiphany tonight.

WOMAN

Screen, it's on the screen James.

JAMES

Did I not tell you to shut up?

(to MAN)

From the bleachers?

MAN

That's it.

JAMES

Bullocks, mate. It's a night game. Perhaps they did have a rain delay and have just made into your extra time.

(pause)

And maybe you're clean. Are you? Are you clean?

WOMAN

He just sprinted through a shower, so...

JAMES

(to WOMAN)

Don't get cheeky. Not about you. Not about this bloody monsoon either.

(to MAN)

Now, clean cut. Are you? Clean? Nothing to declare.

MAN

I'm clean?

JAMES

It's not a question answer, it's an answer answer. Here – let me make this pathetically simple. Clean or not? Yes, means "I'm clean." No means... well no means we're... you're... in for a pasting you bugger. I'll give you a moment...

(pause)

Just a moment...

(pause)

One more moment...

(pause)

MAN

Yes.

JAMES

Now, mate. Can you ready yourself to pay attention?

(to WOMAN)

Does he know anything?

WOMAN

Of course he does...

JAMES

Where'd you find him?

MAN

Sorry, my name's...

JAMES

Nope. Nope. Nope. I know zero names because I don't want to know any names. Ever. I. Don't. Care. Can this be understood? I. Don't. Care. Not one holy hell bloody bit.

MAN

But your name...

JAMES

(laughing)

You think you know my name? Adorable. You know – absolutely nothing. You know nothing.

(To WOMAN)

Gorm, green as the English countryside.

(to MAN)

So what is it you want? What's your desire?

MAN

My desire?

JAMES

You know. I need to. I can ascertain based upon my process but I do need to keep your comfort in mind, you know? You're the client. Suck up to the clientele, as it were.

(toward WOMAN)

Or suck on them.

WOMAN

That's really...

JAMES

Stuff your marbles. What do you want to get this process moving? A bloody porch swing? Complain about liberal policies and sip mint bloody juleps, you twit?

(pause)

Margaritas more your style? Bitch about Mexicans taking our jobs while sucking down tequila disguised as fruit?

(pause)

Well fuck you. You're here. You made it through this water. Found your 'way' so to speak thanks to your 'recruiter' here. Absolutely delicious.

(pause)

But the deal? We're moving on this tonight. Merchandise like this doesn't come around every damn day you arse.

MAN

Great? It's...?

JAMES

Bloody hell yes it's great, why question. Great for business – take the wild, make 'em mild.

(JAMES grabs MAN'S wrist)

Nice watch.

MAN

Thanks.

JAMES

Don't thank me, you wanker. Lets me know you've got roll, you're going to need roll and you know it.

(JAMES throws back MAN'S
wrist and looks at WOMAN)

Hanging out at colleges looking for grad students? It's like... mind-boggling... to some. But you never know. Maybe I should by now. Always the unexpected.

(toward MAN)

You look like you could be a spokesperson for... I don't know... building houses for the poor or collecting rice for the hungry? That's what I am gathering in my mind. People skills I have. You better have people. You won't be able to handle the animals on your own.

MAN

Tigers?

JAMES

Did I ask you? Ask you at all? Tigers? Tigers? Most of them? No. Tigers? Kiss my arse. Soon as kill you than deal with you... your 'tigers.'

(MAN looks at his watch)

JAMES

Why in the bloody hell are you looking? Did I harm it?

MAN

I like to know the time.

JAMES

Yeah. Too much. You look too much, like you have an agenda.

WOMAN

He's got no agenda.

JAMES

He does. Has to... we all do. Got a place to be? It's rolling toward the midnight hour. You have no place to be. It's pouring. Look again and I'll take that beauty right off your wrist. I'll slice your bloody hand off and slip the watch right off your bloody stub. Is this understood?

(MAN nods his head)

Tiger got your tongue? Answer.

(MAN looks at WOMAN)

JAMES

Now why do you look at her? She does not have your answer.

MAN

I don't know.

JAMES

You don't know? You don't know. Cute. Answer.

MAN

I got you.

JAMES

You sure? I am going to offer up my query one more time.
You sure?

MAN

I got you.

JAMES

As such, we advance. At least you stopped the ridiculous
'no.' No. No. No. Holy bloody hell.

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque off stage)

Well folks, free baseball. More extra innings. Padres score
once in the top of the eleventh; Dodgers tie but can't
plate the winner.

JAMES

I'm going to go to the-probably-poor excuse of a loo and
take a piss. This tepid coffee. Christ.

(pause)

Hands on the bloody table.

(both MAN and WOMAN comply)

Leave them. Right there. Leave them... until I get back.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 1

SCENE 5

SETTING: MAN and WOMAN in the booth, same positions as when JAMES left. Second of two couples gets up and leaves.

(WOMAN shifts to create space between her and the MAN. She is angry.)

WOMAN

Brentwood? What the...

MAN

It's Glendale. I swear. I don't want him to know where I live.

WOMAN

Can't blame you, but you're not following the script.

MAN

I'm just trying to...

WOMAN

Try harder at trying nothing. Nothing's good. Nothing's great. You're not following the script. Follow the script.

(WOMAN relaxes her tone and gets flirty again.)

Look it's simple. I'm not trying to pander to you – to James, yes. You should too. Call it a wary pander.

MAN

A giant pander?

WOMAN

You're joking. That's good. Relax. Don't get too relaxed. Don't be a wise-ass. Wise-asses get killed.

(pause)

And your joke wasn't funny either.

MAN

I wasn't joking. I thought that Giant Pandas might be part of the whole...

(BOBBI enters with food.
She sets it down on the
table between them.)

BOBBI

Alrighty. We've got chicken and waffles, an extra plate for sharing. Looks like you may need more coffee. I'll grab that in a minute. Here's two sets of flatware... unless, of course, you're bent on feeding one another.

WOMAN

(flirtatious)

Well, we could...

BOBBI

I personally prefer you wouldn't. It's cute, but nauseating. Focus... on your own forkful. You got a lot on your plate.

MAN

Syrup?

(BOBBI nods toward the
condiment rack on the
table)

Oh right.

BOBBI

Careful. Plate's not that hot. Chicken is though. Heat hot, not spicy hot. Good and fried. Meats are so much better fried. Had a significant other once...

WOMAN

Hot?

BOBBI

Fiery. Turned me chicken. Afraid to move without getting into some sort of serious trouble.

(WOMAN takes a bite of
waffle.)

WOMAN

(mouth full of waffle)

You still here?

BOBBI

Just checking to make sure it's okay.

(MAN digs into chicken and takes a small bite.)

WOMAN

Don't you have other tables to...

BOBBI

Crayon me disappointed. Thought you might be more observant than that. Have you looked around? I got a guy in the corner. That's it. Paying attention to details. Details, or paying said attention, reaps better tips... better rewards.

MAN

It's good.

BOBBI

Good to hear. There's a man looking for good service. I hope you provide it... the commitment to focus, pay attention. Its how a relationship starts, how it thrives.

WOMAN

We're not in a...

BOBBI

Hell you're not.

WOMAN

How about you grabbing us some more of that coffee? Warm them up a bit? Please?

BOBBI

Worry not. Have confidence. I'll get it all set up for you. Coffee's coming... and please works.

(BOBBI exits)

WOMAN

Watch him.

MAN

I have been.

WOMAN

Awful waiter.

MAN

Wouldn't carry it that far. Bad. Surly. Off-putting.

(WOMAN gets closer to MAN)

WOMAN

Guess you're right.

(WOMAN takes a bite)

Right about this combo, too. Damn. Awfully tasty.

(pause)

And right about keeping yourself as quiet as possible.

(BOBBI returns with coffee.

She tops them off. WOMAN

and MAN remain quiet.)

BOBBI

There you go. Anything else?

WOMAN

That'll do for now.

BOBBI

The meal?

WOMAN

Damn tasty. Good chicken.

(pause)

You can go now.

(BOBBI smirks and starts to
leave.)

Hold on. You have pie.

BOBBI

(pointing toward the pie
carousel)

All sorts of pie and desserts. Summery stuff. Made here.
Not semi'd and warehoused. Fresh strawberry. Unique custard
with Stockton almonds. Rice pudding from the valley.

Sacramento Valley. I believe there's still some of that...

(turns to look at carousel)

Yep there is. Oh and cherry. Cherry's a staple.

WOMAN

Then I'll put in an order for a slice of cherry pie.

BOBBI

Ice cream?

(WOMAN looks to MAN)

WOMAN

No? No.

BOBBI

One slice?

WOMAN

Yes. One. We'll share. Or is that an...?

BOBBI

No upcharge for pie.

(BOBBI exits)

MAN

Never said I would.

WOMAN

What hun? Share? C'mon now. It's pie. Waffles are fun; pie is sensual.

MAN

Keep quiet.

WOMAN

So now you too? You're telling me to...

MAN

No, me. Keeping quiet.

WOMAN

I know you didn't. I did. Hun, it's super important... to both of us... if you keep it short.

(They each take small bites.)

MAN

Can I talk about you?

WOMAN

What about me? Is there something I don't...

MAN

I like your make-up.

WOMAN

Trying to change the...

MAN

Trying to be nice.

(WOMAN cuddles up to MAN
and feeds him a bite.)

WOMAN

In this weather? Well, thank you kind sir. You're cute.
It's the rouge. Do you know the difference between rouge
and rogue?

(pause)

No? A rogue can wear rouge; a rouge can rarely go rogue... or
it's merely dyslexia.

MAN

Do you have it?

WOMAN

Dyslexia? No.

(pause)

The rouge is evident. Rogue? Sometimes isn't as well-
defined.

(Lights flicker off and on.

Dodger game goes out.)

Shit. Extra innings too. I love extras. It's like a gift.

MAN

Well maybe that's just a...

(Lights go completely out.)

WOMAN

Love it, but I lie.

(pause)

There are other things we can do besides eat.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 1

SCENE 6

SETTING: Lights come back on in the diner.
JAMES is back and lording over
WOMAN and MAN.

WOMAN

Or maybe not.

JAMES

Hands!

WOMAN

All four are on the table, James, holding food.

JAMES

No eating irons.

WOMAN

What?

JAMES

Eating irons, 'silverware' can be used as weaponry. Eat the
rest with your hands.

WOMAN

C'mon James. Let's try to get this...

JAMES

I'm... what is it? Yanking your chain. Yes. Neither of you
has the guts to come after me with a tawdry dinner fork.

(JAMES grabs the WOMAN'S
fork and bends it.)

Wouldn't do much good anyway... and pardon my interruption of
your snogging.

(JAMES hands back the
mangled fork to WOMAN.)

WOMAN

Pretty sure your interruption...

JAMES

Pretty sure is never sure. And I know I am correct.

(pause)

Just messing with you. Know why? Don't care. That's why.
Do. Not. Care. Coupling of coincidence.

(JAMES sits and leans
toward MAN)

What I care about are transactions. Transactions take
trust. I must know.

MAN

Know what?

JAMES

Is there trust?

MAN

There's trust.

JAMES

Oh, me... I am trustworthy. You? I must know. Heat?

MAN

I'm not packing.

JAMES

Oh, you're not. Hmm... think I'm loaded?

MAN

Loaded?

JAMES

Yes, sir. Loaded. You bloody well know. Loaded.

MAN

A gun?

JAMES

Captain obvious. Don't have a gun... that you know. But why
would I ever have use for a gun? If I wanted, I could kill
you with your butter knife. It can be done. I don't give a
damn. Bloody choke you with your own bloody chicken for
that matter.

(pause)

Caring is not my business.

MAN

Your part of the business is...

JAMES

You know, I probably should've inquired previously, slipped my mind really, might've saved us all a lot of time...

(pause)

Every action does have an equal and opposite reaction.

(pause)

Consequences. I'm thinking that. Consequences.

(pause)

Are you a member of this back-country's fine law enforcement?

MAN

I'm not a cop.

JAMES

No? You sure? Like I stated, I could kill you with a butter knife, or a spork. I love the word 'spork.' So American.

WOMAN

He could.

JAMES

And would... without hesitation. I don't care. Means nothing to me. Nothing. So I'm asking again. You look at me. Look me - that American West colloquialism 'dead in the eyes.'

(JAMES reaches across the table and grabs MAN by the shirt)

Are. You. A. Cop.

MAN

No.

JAMES

There's that word again - 'no', but like I said I'm a good reader of people. I'm satisfied. Don't throw a penner in the works.

(JAMES spreads himself out on his side of the booth)

You got your reasons. Everybody's got their reasons... their skeletons. I'd ask yours? But I know. I know.

(pause)

Wouldn't be here without them now would you? Right? I'd say not there tiger. Get your animal out. Release it.

(pause)

You're not fighting it are you? The urge?

MAN

No. There's...

JAMES

Knowing yourself, your dirty controlling self, makes it so much easier for me. No going back... unless you want a good pasting.

WOMAN

Jesus Christ, James. This isn't helping.

JAMES

You're not helping, my lady. You bring him, dump him on me, and now I must close...

WOMAN

It's always your fucking job to close. It's what you do.

(to MAN)

Excuse me.

(to JAMES)

I find them. Call me a... discoverer, you know.

JAMES

Oh I know.

WOMAN

Far more difficult than you think. You close them. Once the pets are out of their cage how much work is that? How much James? How much? Not much. It's the discovery that takes all the grinding...

(JAMES smiles)

Wipe that fucking smile off your face James. Do it.

(JAMES continues to smile)

Fine. Asshole. Discovery of these 'men' and... sorry buddy, but it's necessary to me and I'm not pulpitizing here... that's all it is and screw that. And? And you get the lion's share.

(pause)

MAN

I'm out.

WOMAN

Out? You are NOT out. NO.

(MAN starts to get up)

JAMES

Where you going? Sit.

(MAN sits)

So now you have to go? Now? Just when we're getting to know each other? Establish a business relationship? Become mates? Now?

(JAMES laughs as MAN gets up again)

MAN

Not 'out' out; out. To go. Bathroom. If you'll excuse me.

JAMES

Oh go. Goddamn. Leaving a biggie? A poo?

MAN

No.

JAMES

You sure?

MAN

I'm sure.

(Pause as JAMES thinks)

JAMES

Four minutes. Four. That's it. Any more than that? Things'll happen.

(MAN exits)

JAMES

He's got it right?

WOMAN

He's got it.

JAMES

I am still in absolute wonderment...

WOMAN

Oh c'mon James. They come from everywhere, you know.

JAMES

It's the ones you'd least expect.

WOMAN

It's why you're...

JAMES

What about the bloke in the corner?

WOMAN

Behind me?

JAMES

Can't see the guy or gal behind me.

WOMAN

They left.

JAMES

But he hasn't. Sitting there. Drinking coffee. I'm going to go have a chat.

WOMAN

No, James. Don't.

JAMES

I'll do whatever the bloody hell I want.

WOMAN

And blow this? I have the guy.

JAMES

It's... intuitive for me to clear my processes. That guy...

WOMAN

What are you going to do? Just walk over there and ask him? Ask him what? What? Why are you here out in this monsoon? Why are you alone? Everyone's alone James. Everyone.

JAMES

Not everyone. Not so much.

(JAMES acts like he's going to get up and get the guy and looks angry)

WOMAN

He wants the...

JAMES

The what? No. Absolute no.

WOMAN

Jesus. Just say it.

JAMES

There are no reasons to say anything.

WOMAN

What's the fucking secret with me? Are you gaming me?

JAMES

Gaming? You? I'm not going to game you.

(MAN IN OTHER BOOTH gets
up; leaves money on table –
JAMES yells at him)

JAMES

Hey! Hey you! Wanker! You better've left a tip arsehole or
I'm coming after you!

(JAMES starts to get up;
guy hastily leaves diner)

WOMAN

That was subtle.

(JAMES leans back into his
seat)

JAMES

"Them" are in a trailer. There are holes. They won't die.

WOMAN

(looking outside)
Maybe by drowning.

(JAMES laughs)

JAMES

Drowning! That's good. Good.

(MAN comes back to booth)

JAMES

Well damn. Far less than four. Couldn't do it?

MAN

It was done.

JAMES

Done? Sure? Not that I knew. I don't have watch, especially one like that.

(JAMES points to the man's watch. MAN takes off watch and dangles it in front of JAMES)

MAN

For her.

(JAMES laughs)

JAMES

Her? What? The hell you say...? What?

WOMAN

I need no rescue.

JAMES

You heard her. She needs nothing, Jesus bloody hell you think your stupid fucking watch is going to buy her? She's my property? Who the fuck wants her? We don't. The bloody hell you say. A fucking watch? Good God man that just...

MAN

It's a Breitling.

WOMAN

Expensive watch?

JAMES

(toward WOMAN)

Oh, now you want to be purchased like a pet in a window? A puppy? Is that it?

MAN

\$10,000.

JAMES

What the bloody hell is wrong with you. I go back with this? That's a beaut - 'Yeah, she's gone but look at this

bloody watch! But wait... don't put my face into a rip saw,
it's a Breitling!'

MAN

Breitling Navitimer.

(JAMES grabs the man)

JAMES

Good faith? Is that it? Trying to combine good faith with a
release of something you don't own? And this? You think
this piece of shit timepiece is what? DP? This is going to
allow you to see?

(pause)

We need to leave post haste. If I'm not back... just saying...
if I'm not back? Soon? They know where I am. They don't ask
questions. They already have the answers.

(pause)

Bloody watch. Keep your bloody watch.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 1

SCENE 7

SETTING: JAMES and MAN are directly across from one another, WOMAN is in the corner of the booth, an arm over the MAN.

JAMES

There ain't no rest for the wicked
(JAMES puts his arms out wide across the back of the booth)

I surmise they were wrong.
(WOMAN pokes the MAN to move. He gets up and she gets up after.)

Where the bloody hell do you think you're going?

WOMAN

Game. Extra innings. The bathroom.

JAMES

Never make it.

WOMAN

Not 'the game' game, James. The TV. Can't hear it with your jabbering. Give me a break.

JAMES

Piss at will. Hope everything comes out okay.

(WOMAN hesitatingly moves toward the bathroom)

No. Sit. Stay. Good bitch.

(She sits next to JAMES; MAN looks wary)

Christ, this is like – turnstiles of the stupid trying to queer my pitch. Ever seen someone get caught in the clover?

MAN

The clover?

JAMES

Yeah, the clover. Off one ramp, down another, back on again? Turnstiles of the stupid. Keep driving in circles. Get caught in it forever, don't provide their person the opportunity to get out. Like a bloody kid. Saw a damn kid playing in a turnstile? I put my foot into the door and stopped it. Kid's head went right into the glass. Heads bleed a lot.

WOMAN

Cloverleaf.

JAMES

What the...? Clover. 4-leaf clover. That's what it is. A four fucking leaf clover.

(JAMES draws it in the air)

WOMAN

A clover is a plant. A cloverleaf is part of the plant.

JAMES

Plant? I'm talking specifics and you're talking the entire plant? I'm looking over a four-leaf clover... heard of it?

WOMAN

That's a song.

JAMES

It's not 'I'm looking over a four-leaf cloverleaf.' Damn bloody stupid.

(JAMES grabs WOMAN)

WOMAN

Let me...

(JAMES lets her go.)

JAMES

Get back here A-sap. Only my generosity allows you to leave.

(pause as MAN watches her
walk away and JAMES watches
him.)

We go back her and I.

(JAMES looks outside
through the blinds)

Holy cripe it's coming down wolves and tigers. I'd say cats and dogs but...

MAN

I know.

JAMES

You know what?

MAN

I know... it's raining. A lot.

JAMES

What else do you know? Anything? What do you do?

MAN

Like I told her...

JAMES

I don't give a whit what you told her.

MAN

Graphic design.

JAMES

What does that mean?

MAN

Specifically?

JAMES

Yeah specifically, or I wouldn't ask.

MAN

I create packaging for International Barbie.

JAMES

International what?

MAN

Barbie. The doll.

JAMES

I'm from Britain not Bangladesh, I know of Barbie.

(JAMES smiles)

Well isn't that... umm... fitting.

(pause)

The dolls. The figures.

MAN

I prefer flesh over plastic.

JAMES

Don't we all.

(pause)

You're looking at me like I'm aristocratic. I got nothing. Nothing. I came across the pond with a few pounds enough to buy a 150 thousand mile heap, a six pack of coke, jar of peanut butter and a loaf of thrift store fucking white bread. You? You're a college boy, I can smell it.

MAN

I had to...

JAMES

Don't bloody give a tittle.

(WOMAN returns to stand in
front of the TV, JAMES
watches her)

Know what she's got? A dream. A lark. Some sort of basement ballroom fantasy where'd she be whisked away while making waffles in a sweaty place just like this by some hotshot piece of shit who'd give her the world on a turn of a phrase.

(pause)

You're in the business... or maybe I'm just giving you the business.

MAN

I'm not in the business.

JAMES

Depends upon what business, right? What business. Who's business.

(pause)

So what's her story?

MAN

What do you mean what's her...

JAMES

Her story. What is it?

MAN

What's her story? You know...

JAMES

I know her. I don't know what's she's told you and I'm asking, asking nice.

(pause)

What's her story?

MAN

Didn't tell me... not much.

JAMES

Not much my ass. Poor dishy wench from the wrong side of the Aqueduct just trying to make it their... her... way through the asphalt and sugar of Los Angeleeze? Is that it?

(pause)

Tosh. That's not her; never been her. Fucking opportunist. Quick buck. Easy pay day. Off you. Off me. Easy money.

(pause)

Let me bloody hell tell you something. What she does? Slapper can't take a drink of water without sniffing it. And coffee? She won't touch it when she gets back. I'm telling you gospel here. She won't. She'll ask for a new piece of ten-cent china made by some poor-ass Guatemalan. She doesn't give two shits about you or anybody else.

MAN

Actress. She says she's been in a...

JAMES

Actress? She toss that in too? Actress my ass. Course she did. Hard to act when you act every day.

MAN

Never know. She could be a star – Spanish...

JAMES

Spanish?! Barely roll a joint let alone her R's. Get a look of her?

MAN

Of course I did.

JAMES

A good look? Real good look? C'mon now. Stage and screen? More like ragin' screams – she's bloody daft.

(JAMES laughs loud then
looks around)

Good. Got the place all to our lonesome... us and the Dodgers.

MAN

And the Padres.

(JAMES leans toward MAN)

JAMES

No one knows but me, and I know. When she's on? When the lights shine down on her and she's on like a travelling carnival stripper stealing watches and wallets.

MAN

Stripper with a heart of...?

(JAMES laughs)

JAMES

Gold? That woman? Blood hell she's got a heart of ice and goolies of brass. She's fucking spoonfed you a load of poo already. I recommend avoiding a swallow.

(MAN grabs a forkful of waffle but puts it down)

JAMES

(laughing)

Fucking creepy, and you're a fucking sap who's got no clue with whom you're messing.

MAN

Not messing with...

JAMES

You're not getting out of here without sacrificing something. And it's going to be more than your Breitling.

(JAMES looks over at her)

She lives in a nightmare of her own self-made bloody promises.

MAN

She seems...

JAMES

Happy? Don't say she's happy; she's not. She's a fucking actress. Well sometimes she's a fucking actress. Most times she's a...

(WOMAN comes back to the table and sits as JAMES goes on as if she's not even there)

I'm not selling you anything. She'll bloody sell you the world on the spin of a pence. Does it look like I can sell you anything? I'm not selling you anything.

(pause)

I can give though, I can give. You want? I can give.

WOMAN

You give well, James.

JAMES

Ah, but you give more than I can ever give. Still, we all need to have some faith.

(to MAN)

You gonna good faith me? Good faith means merchandise comes out for your inspection.

MAN

I was wrong.

JAMES

Jesus, now what?

MAN

Just extra innings. No rain delay.

(WOMAN glares as JAMES laughs)

JAMES

Not there anyway. Who bloody hell cares. Christ. No stoppage time here. Not resetting the clock. Good faith? Gets you pre-inspection. Check teeth. Teeth are a sign of health you know.

MAN

Teeth?

(JAMES leans forward)

JAMES

Don't give a rat's arse what you look into. Whatever thrills you. Bodge this up? No merchandise for inspection, or none at all. I'll keep the kitties. They'll grow. Get more expensive. But then the cost goes up – way up.

(WOMAN starts to get up)
Getting up? Again?

WOMAN
Yeah, James. What? I can't get up?

JAMES
You can get up. Get up.

WOMAN
I'm gonna go out to...

JAMES
Out? Out? No. You're not going 'out' anywhere.

WOMAN
Can I freshen up?

JAMES
Freshen up? What the hell is that? Freshen up? For what?
Hot date? Catching a Dodger? Freshen up? C'mon!

WOMAN
I gotta pee. Is that okay? Does that fit you better?

JAMES
You just got up to...

WOMAN
I couldn't do it... then I watched the game. You saw.

JAMES
Yeah. Go drop your water 'freshen up.'
(JAMES waits for WOMAN to
get offstage, then gets up)
Only I can go out – alone. I'd ask if you got a smoke, but
look at you? Only smoke you've ever seen is a woman burning
rubber to get the hell away from your candy ass.
While I'm gone? Here's what you're going to do. Stay.
You're going to stay. Wait for her to get back. Stay. Then?
(JAMES leans in closely)
Be an arse. Biggest arse you can. Because if you are not an
arse to her, she's not going to leave without you. She
insists on going with you? Anytime? You die.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 2

SCENE 1

SETTING: Lights back on the booth. JAMES walks back in, MAN is sitting in booth, his head is in his hands.

JAMES

Wakey wakey.

(MAN moves his head out of his hands)

Knackered?

MAN

Is it always here?

JAMES

Monsoons? Of course not. Don't be stupid.

MAN

You.

JAMES

Me?

MAN

Your...

JAMES

Business? My business? MY business?

(pause)

Is there value in consistency mate? You tell me. I don't hold that value.

(pause)

I say 'mate' and I watch you. You're like eh eh eh

(JAMES makes motions like he's on edge, nervous, and stressed)

What does it do? Does it make you tight? Clench your ass up until a quid couldn't pass through your cheeks? Is it an irritant?

MAN

We did just meet.

JAMES

You Americans, so wary. Mum say don't to talk to strangers? Hold your posies in your pocket? Does she still tell her little boy what to do? Does she?

MAN

She's not...

JAMES

Alive? Don't answer. Again, don't give a bloody whit. No harm by it... meant by it... mate.

(MAN yawns)

Sorry to bore you. Must be the waffles, they make you sleepy. Fucking awful for you. Maybe it's the weather? The Dodgers? Must be the Dodgers right? Bloody baseball can turn a coke addict into Cinderella.

MAN

Sleeping Beauty?

(JAMES looks at MAN askew)

Sleeping Beauty just... makes more sense.

JAMES

She's the one that conked out in the forest. Ah. What-the fuck-ever. Just something else America stole from Europe.

(pause)

It's your baseball. A snoozer of a game.

(BOBBI comes to the table
and drops off the pie)

What the bloody hell is this?

BOBBI

It's pie. Cherry.

JAMES

Who the hell for?

BOBBI

She ordered it.

JAMES

And who's going to eat it? Where the bloody hell is she?

(BOBBI begins to turn away)

BOBBI

How do you expect...

(JAMES grabs him)

Where is she?

BOBBI

Bathroom?

MAN

Bathroom. She...

JAMES

(yelling)

I didn't bloody ask you did I?!

(back to BOBBI)

Is there a window in the bathroom?

BOBBI

(shrugs off his grip)

A window? Probably some small... for venting..

JAMES

That conniving, two-timing... go look.

BOBBI

I'm not going to...

(JAMES gets up)

JAMES

Goddamn it! I'll do it! I don't give a...

(WOMAN comes out of the bathroom, wiping her hands. She hesitates as she checks out the Dodger game. Silence while JAMES slowly sits back down.)

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque off-stage)

Reuss lasted six-plus innings. Could've gone more? Well, it's a tough managerial decision for Lasorda. Expecting a typical nine inning game, you pulled him on time, even if Vande Burg gave up a run-scoring single to Gwynn. Now it's the 12th, the Dodgers are on pitcher number six with Alejandro Pena and a red hot Greg Nettles scheduled to bat.

(WOMAN gets back to the table)

WOMAN

Oooh the pie!
(flirty to MAN)
Did you start without me?
(MAN shakes his head)
Not even a nibble?

MAN

It just got here.

(WOMAN puts her hand on the pie)

WOMAN

Still warm. Great timing on my part, right?

JAMES

If you bloody hell love fat.

WOMAN

Delicious fat.

JAMES

Lard-fest it is. And sugar. Want diabetes? Have a go.

(WOMAN stares at JAMES as she takes a big bite.)

There you go. Yummy fake fruit ooze from a bloody can sitting on the shelf for decades.

(WOMAN takes another bite. She sets the fork down and slowly chews.)

Turns you into a useless pile of ooze, shooting up the rest of your bloody hell life.

(MAN picks up fork, she pushes his hand down. MAN drops fork.)

Dead-ass cherries. That's all they are. And you'll be responsible for shitting them while I clean up the mess you made.

(big pause as JAMES and WOMAN stare at each other. JAMES finally turns to the MAN.)

You have employees, pie boy?

MAN

I have a boss.

JAMES

More the better. My gaffer? Given the golden chariot to run with it as he feels. But when you don't earn the chariot you don't polish it, park it right, make sure it's all fresh. He doesn't give two shits. He pretends, but... well there's yes men. You a yes man?

MAN

No.

JAMES

Funny. I pegged you for a yes man, all mouth and no trousers. You ever say no at work?

MAN

Yes.

JAMES

How'd that go?

MAN

Sometimes okay.

JAMES

Sometimes okay, Uh huh. Sometimes okay. Right. So this guy, surrounded by arseholes too weak to take a proper shit? Makes changes all the time. All. The. Time. Can't pay attention to save his life. He'll bring everyone together, sometimes even me and I do not need to be there. I move stuff around; it's what I do. It's a simple business. She finds guys like you, I make the exchange and then done. Merchandise easy to tame and control. Don't behave; don't eat. But this guy? Jesus, Joseph and Mary.

WOMAN

Now the bible?

JAMES

Yeah right. He didn't. Nice enough but has nothing to work for, earn. It's that cool nice like 'say yes and everything's cool. Say no, well just don't do it.'

(pause)

So he has these meetings. He'll chart the fuck out of everything, right? Graphs with lines going all over the place. May as well be naked up there, no one gives a fuck.

WOMAN

College man.

JAMES

Yeah. Numbers guy.

MAN

CPA.

JAMES

Or MBA. Christ you wanker, don't get me miffed. College taught you bloody nothing. So the gaffer? He'll trap people in a meeting for hours, give them a good bullocking, get up to leave and say something that'll completely throw them off, like 'tigers' and walk out of the room.

(Looks at WOMAN)

Can you finish your pie?

WOMAN

We're sharing it.

JAMES

I know. Bloody adorable. Jesus. I'm talking to him. Finish the pie.

(Directs his attention
toward MAN)

He did just that once. Said 'tigers' and left. Now I'm fucking laughing my ass off, you know, once he gets out of hearing distance. I'm no bloody fool. He makes change much as our 'waitperson,' only without coins. I like math. He speculates. All. Bloody. Day.

(pause. Stares at WOMAN
until she looks up at him.
Speaks toward her.)

I like speculating much as the next guy. Right?

WOMAN

I guess.

JAMES

One thing I don't like speculating about is time.

(JAMES grabs the pie as
lights flicker)

Here. Like this. Eat. Eat. Here.

(JAMES eats a few bites
fast then forces a forkful
into her face)

Bloody hell finish it. You think this is what? Social time?
That it? Family reunion or something? Here!

(Shoves another forkful
into WOMAN'S mouth)

Here!

(Shoves one at MAN)

Done! There you go! That was easy!

(Diner's lights go off)

JAMES

Fucking move, mate. One move. Don't think I can't see you.
Move and I'll take you out.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 2

SCENE 2

SETTING: Lights come back on in the diner. All three are in the booth, same positions. JAMES is looking outside.

(BOBBI shows up and thinks he startled JAMES. JAMES remains cool.)

BOBBI

You three need anything?

JAMES

No. Correct or am I getting mixed signals?

WOMAN

Right, James.

(BOBBI turns to leave)

JAMES

Hey, Bobbi with an 'i', food's good.

(BOBBI turns back)

Had a little waffle, bit of chicken and a 'healthy' amount of pie. Tell Armando he did quite smashing.

BOBBI

I'll tell him. It's Frank, but I'll tell him.

JAMES

Frank? Where'd Armando go?

BOBBI

Always been Frank since I've been here.

JAMES

Francisco?

BOBBI

Frank to me.

(pause)

Want me to ask what happened to Armando?

JAMES

Don't care. Hopefully my Armando wasn't deported.

(pause)

And we need more coffee.

(BOBBI leaves. Silence envelopes the booth.)

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

Once again, Dodgers fail to score and end this game. We're heading for inning number 14. Hold onto your seats... or find a pillow.

JAMES

What the bloody hell did that man say?

WOMAN

14th inning.

JAMES

Is there a time limit on your baseball?

MAN

Not really. Ump can call for it to resume the next day.

WOMAN

Day game tomorrow. Won't do it. Need to finish them off. Padres suck.

MAN

They did go to the World Series two years ago.

WOMAN

And got their asses handed to them.

MAN

Tigers.

WOMAN

Tigers.

JAMES

Tigers?

WOMAN

Detroit. No one was going to defeat them that year. Wire to wire.

(JAMES laughs out loud)

JAMES

Tigers of Detroit. Makes so much sense. Wild out there? Running through the woods of your Motor City? It is the Motor City correct?

MAN

Yes.

JAMES

Bloody stupid name... stupid game. Motor bloody city building fantastic automobiles like Chevrolets, correct?

MAN

Chevys are American.

JAMES

Chevys are French. Chevrolet was French. French, le tigre, French. Yet another example of American theft.

(BOBBI returns and tops off coffees. JAMES grabs BOBBI's arm in a friendly manner.)

BOBBI

Can you...?

(JAMES ignores him and keeps holding onto his arm)

JAMES

Say, today. It's the 8th? Or the 9th? Kept telling myself it is the 9th. It's the 9th right? But no it can't be.

BOBBI

It's the 21st.

JAMES

You sure? For sure I thought it was Friday. Damn I was right! It's Friday!

BOBBI

It's Saturday.

(BOBBI yanks his arm away
from JAMES.)

JAMES

What? It's the 23rd?

BOBBI

The 21st, Saturday June 21st. You know it's June right?

JAMES

I know it's monsoon season. All I really need to know. This
business knows nothing about days. Not a goddamn thing.

(BOBBI turn to leave)

Whoa, sugar tits. No.

(pause as BOBBI turns with
a smile)

Well there you go. That's better. Your service? Ummm.
Awful. Bloody awful. It's like I haven't been here all
night, right?

(looks to WOMAN who shrugs)

See? Confirmation. Where are my crackers? My rolls?

BOBBI

Don't have any.

JAMES

No rolls? No bread at all?

BOBBI

For the dishes.

JAMES

The dishes?

BOBBI

(nodding toward MAN and
WOMAN)

Full meals. They didn't get any either. No one got any.

JAMES

Been here before and there were breads.

BOBBI

Change in policy – corporate policy. Must be. Never seen
them. Ever.

JAMES

I just think you hate the 'limey.' Is that it, Bobbi 'with an i?' Is that it? You hate me?

BOBBI

You can ask, or voice your complaint. I can get the corporate phone number for you. They won't answer right now, just to let you know.

(pause)

JAMES

Must have been a different place. Classier place. Cloth napkin place. Ever been to one of them?

BOBBI

A couple times. They're nice. I've got to go help...

JAMES

Armando?

BOBBI

Frank. Get things cleaned up next shift. Starts at 2.

JAMES

Lot of time to clean.

BOBBI

Had a rush earlier. It's a big mess on account of the...

(BOBBI gestures toward the rain, pauses, then exits.
JAMES looks toward MAN.)

JAMES

(toward MAN)

I love fucking with people. You love fucking with people?

WOMAN

James I think we need to...

JAMES

Oh, you're still here. Right. The trusted. Can't say I trust our fabulous evening's servant, but... no matter right? We got business. Just a lousy waiter. Why the bloody hell should he care? Stuck in a 24/7 by a four lanes north, four lanes south cutting through the middle of nowhere.

(pause)

Perfect place for business, and business comes first.
First. So in that manner, you dear may be correct.

WOMAN

Rain's letting up a bit.

JAMES

Fabulous since pleasantries, nice as they have been, are done. Done. What I am going to do at this moment is prep. Must prep... and primp... for my presentation.

WOMAN

I don't think we need to...

JAMES

Don't get arse over tit on me. You see, you ramping the time up by bringing the client? That makes it a bit different. Not dicey, but different.

(JAMES leans forward into
WOMAN's face)

Should be a done deal, but a presentation is what seals it. It's business. Calculating? Yes. But business.

(JAMES turns his attention
to MAN)

Makes a valued customer such as yourself feel special.

WOMAN

I just think it's...

JAMES

What? High time? Oh that American Western phrase – high time. Well 'hun,' high time is his time, not your time. Not my time. His time.

(JAMES gets up)

I'm going to go freshen up, get me hairs and head in the right place. Check my attitude in the mirror.

(JAMES puts his hands on
the table and leans toward
both)

You sit. Sit and mew for your mommas like good kittens.

(JAMES exits)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 2

SCENE 3

SETTING: WOMAN and MAN are sitting still in the booth. She's somewhat edgy, but now a bit closer with him, almost in his lap.

MAN
It's getting late. I should...

WOMAN
It's just... you know...
(pause)
This will be over soon. Keep playing along. All over. It'll be all over soon. It'll be nice to...
(WOMAN slowly kisses MAN as she talks to him)
just... relax... a little bit... somewhere... alone... and quiet... and...

MAN
Guess I could find a...

WOMAN
Yeah. It's getting late. Small place. Cheap. A 6 or an 8.

MAN
Best Western.

WOMAN
Oh yes. Moving up. Yes.

(JAMES comes strolling back into the scene)

JAMES
Oh. Aw. Adorable. Look at you snoggers. You've found your true soulmate there honey. Clean-scrubbed without the ability to grow a mustache thicker than your eyeliner.
(pause)
And me? Do I look fine? Dashing?

WOMAN
(stoic)
Looking good, James.

JAMES

You must work on that enthusiasm. However dearie, you sure know what it takes to make a man shudder. Am I right, mate?

(MAN is silent; WOMAN takes the question, answering JAMES but looking at MAN)

WOMAN

Perhaps I've forgotten... perhaps I need a refresher course, someone to practice on.

(WOMAN gets tighter with MAN)

JAMES

Can't be forgotten, it's never learned. You either got it or you don't. Princess Grace of Conoco pumping gas and men? You got it. Not to me, but certain types of inevitable masculine weakness.

(pause)

But I have, yes me, I have what it takes to really make a man tremble.

MAN

Depends upon the man.

JAMES

(mocking MAN)

Depends upon the man. Depends upon the man.

(JAMES changes to menacing)

Any man that doesn't shake like a Chihuahua in snow at my offerings is stone cold... alive or dead.

(pause)

Let's up this. Maybe a notch or twenty. We should walk.

WOMAN

You're not walking.

JAMES

We can walk.

WOMAN

You're not walking. Not without me.

JAMES

We can walk without you.

(JAMES interrupts WOMAN
before she says a thing)

Uppp. Nuh-uh. Nope. Yes, we can. Want to take a walk? Let's
take a walk.

WOMAN

He doesn't want to.

(To MAN)

You don't want to...

(To JAMES)

not without me.

JAMES

(to MAN)

You show up on your own free will?

MAN

Well yeah I...

WOMAN

He did.

JAMES

Did I bloody hell ask you? No, I did not. Free will?

MAN

It was my choice.

JAMES

Choice. There you go. Choice. He can walk. We can walk. We
don't need to take you. What are you? You're a... what?
Middlechick... from Middlesex. Middlechick from Middle
California. I love it. It's what you are; all you are. We
can take a walk. Let's take a walk.

WOMAN

You're pathetic.

JAMES

Oh we feeling ourselves now? Little gumption? That what
we're doing? Pathetic? No.

(points to TV)

That's pathetic. There's nothing more pathetic than fans of
that bloody sport. Idiots watch snoozer after snoozer the
rest of their pathetic limited lives. Sitting there,
stuffing their faces with Dodger dogs on day-old bread
desperately hoping someone will tell them what to do; when
to go home.

(pause)

We live. We take risks. We don't have all the bloody time in the world to make decisions...

(JAMES stretches)

Calculate our outcome.

(big pause/silence)

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

Padres up one. Dodgers need a run. There's a dribbler down the right side of the infield. Flannery, a pinch hitter substitute in the top of the 14th on a double switch, picks it cleanly, over to first in time. One down.

WOMAN

Speak for yourself.

JAMES

(to WOMAN)

Damn right I will.

(to MAN)

Stop your bloody hell calculations. This is cut and dried. There is no calculating; it's done. You provide the funds, I provide the fun, got it? Better hell do. We walk.

(pause)

MAN

I can do it here.

JAMES

Here?

MAN

Here.

JAMES

Here? What? Now there's trust amongst us? Trust? I can leave you with nothing.

MAN

You could.

WOMAN

But then where would you be? Where? How fucked would that be? Right James? How fucked? Huh? How fucked would that be?

(JAMES smiles, spreads out
and kicks back on his side
of the booth)

JAMES

You got no roll. I know it. You know it. Told you. I'll
keep the little pussies. There are others like him.

WOMAN

Don't give a shit about your part.

JAMES

Ah, you don't give a shit. This we know. We all know. You
open...

(JAMES points toward MAN)

You know?

(JAMES looks right at MAN)

College boy, you know? She opens. Slapper.

WOMAN

You son-of-a-bitch.

JAMES

(ignoring WOMAN)

I close. It's what I do. Move... then close. I don't close, I
move... only in a different manner. You follow?

(pause)

What? Tiger got your tongue? Can't answer because, frankly,
you don't know. You don't. And she thinks she knows
everything. Right?

WOMAN

I know enough to know you got nothing without him.

JAMES

He's got nothing without me... and you hold your luscious
tongue.

WOMAN

He's got roll. And roll can go anywhere, James. Any-e-
where.

(JAMES collects his
thoughts in a small series
of facial gestures as he's
thinking)

JAMES

You have no idea. Nothing. No clue. I own this place honey.. and mate, own it.

MAN

Then I'll just...

(WOMAN grabs MAN'S arm to hold him back)

JAMES

What? Leave? Take her? What a bloody hero, a stupid bloody hero, emphasis on stupid. You think I don't know what car you drove here? How many bloody cars do you think are out there? This isn't a bloody American mall. Her car. My car. Beat-to-shit servant's car as that's all they are around here, bloody servants. Honest living pays nothing. And you? There's a bloody Cadillac out there. A nice one I'll bet. A clean one where the water beads up on it and runs off like tears, one their daddy bought for them or they've been doing pretty well. Pretty well. I think it's both. But daddy hits that fucking joybuzzer much as you. Bet he does. Bloody hell think I can't find you? I can find you... and you can't find anyone – ANYONE – who can produce what I've got, and you want.

(MAN throws his watch at JAMES. Watch hits him in the head and falls, failing to do anything.)

JAMES

What the bloody...!

WOMAN

No!

(JAMES laughs hysterically)

JAMES

Oh, that was fantastic. Fantastic! What the hell did that accomplish, tosser? Nothing! Not a bloody damn thing!

(JAMES pauses)

Retribution in order? You think? Here's your damn retribution. A sincere 'thanks' for the watch. It gets you nothing. No preview. No 'freedom' for your new friend here. Not a bloody damn thing.

MAN

What I want...

JAMES

What you want? You want?

(JAMES laughs again looks
toward WOMAN)

Told you – you pulled a green one right out of the ground.

(toward MAN)

Why the hell you'd risk this...

(JAMES points outside)

to not want? Don't bloody hell play me. I cannot be played.

(pause)

I'm still going out. I am. Seeing in the dark if I got the
logo down and it's a Caddy.

(JAMES gets up)

There's no damn exit where I can't find you. Don't waste
your breath looking.

(JAMES exits)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT 2

SCENE 4

SETTING: WOMAN is sitting in the booth with the MAN. WOMAN is fidgeting as the Dodger game rolls on.

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

He worked the count, but with a wicked curve that ended up at the heel of the catcher's glove and a wild swing sends him to the bench for the second out. The Dodgers got to Gossage in the 11th to tie the game; let's see if they can get to McCullers to extend it into the 15th. Down to their last out.

WOMAN

I've really got to go.

MAN

And I really want to go with you.

WOMAN

It's not you; it's the coffee. The ladies room isn't for you, hun... you sit here and think of another room.

(WOMAN exits the booth; she hesitates at the TV, turns and winks at MAN, flashing '14' with her hands before leaving the room. BOBBI walks up to the MAN, pours coffee as she talks.)

BOBBI

She's a good one... or can be.

MAN

Can be?

BOBBI

I can see it. Hope. Look at this place. Think I can't have hope? I do. I see the sickness, but I see more. People get entwined into shit you'd never think possible, you know? Potential's thin as a slim, dull single blade razor, but it's there. Nose down; eyes up; mouth shut. Simple rules.

(pause)
Sounds easy, but it's tough, it is.

(BOBBI exits, passes WOMAN.
They exchange quick glances
but keep moving. WOMAN is
animated and climbs into
booth so MAN is on the
inside)

MAN
You can have the corner back.

WOMAN
No. No. It's fine.
(pause)
You know, this way I can lean right into you, keep you
close, feel your warmth... become one.

MAN
Won't that make James...

WOMAN
What? Crazy? Too late.

(WOMAN grinds into him and
weakly smiles. JAMES comes
back in from outside as
lights flicker again)

JAMES
Well, can't wait for the lights to go off again? Getting
ready? Need me to find another booth?
(pause)
Well to hell with that. Cadillac. I saw it. I guessed
right. Cadillac Eldorado. Not gold, but Eldorado.

MAN
It's used.

JAMES
Do I bloody care? Your precious Eldorado coupe bathing in
the rain. Fucking rain. What's left of it tried to turn on
me toward the diner and drown my smoke. Bloody hell.
(JAMES hops into the other
side of the booth)
Pull apart. I need both faces.

(WOMAN doesn't move)

WOMAN

What'd you bring?

JAMES

Bring? Nothing. I don't bring...

WOMAN

Don't make me spell this out. He's got to know.

JAMES

Pull apart easy as grandma's rolls.

WOMAN

You can see enough.

JAMES

Pull. A. Part.

(WOMAN straightens up but grants no separation)

JAMES

Hands.

(WOMAN grabs MAN's hands, placing them collectively on the table)

WOMAN

Better? He's got to know.

JAMES

Oh. He's got to know? He? Doesn't seem like he really care what exotic pet he gets. Right tiger?

MAN

I care.

JAMES

Oh, you do now, huh?

(toward WOMAN)

You know what I got.

WOMAN

Not in specifics. Haven't given me specifics, James. This isn't a box of Cracker Jacks he's opening.

(pause)

We've been talking. Seems my friend...

JAMES

Well yeah, he's your friend. He's not pals with me, right?

(MAN shrugs)

Oh I am so hurt. Bloody hell. Like what? You two, banging in bathrooms across the Golden State? Huh? Is that it? Fuck that. Bunch of glorious shit.

WOMAN

He's more particular than I thought.

JAMES

More particular? Now? This comes up now?

WOMAN

More particular. My fault.

JAMES

You fault what?

WOMAN

If it doesn't go down like...

JAMES

Oh, no. It's bloody going down. It's bloody hell going down. Down down.

WOMAN

What do you...? He's got to know.

JAMES

Does it matter?

WOMAN

If it didn't I...

JAMES

I'm not asking you, crazy producer of Estrogen and envy. Estrogen. Ooh. Does. It. Matter.

MAN

It does.

JAMES

It does?

MAN

It does.

JAMES

Better be agreeable. If you're not agreeable... better be bloody agreeable.

(JAMES beckons them closer with his left hand. MAN leans forward. JAMES does it again for WOMAN. Soon as she reluctantly moves forward, JAMES grabs the back of her head and smashes her face into the table, then grabs him by the collar)

You fucking think this is a menu? I have a menu? No fucking menu. I have exotics. Guatamalan girls oozing their own sap.

(JAMES pushes MAN back into booth. MAN grabs WOMAN. JAMES stands up.)

You bloody play me now, after all this camaraderie?

(BOBBI hurriedly comes toward them)

JAMES

We don't need you! Keep your distance!

(JAMES calms down a bit)

Keep. Your. Distance.

(JAMES produces a gun from his waist and waves it around. JAMES guides BOBBI into standing by booth.)

Around there. Around. Over. Good. Need to see all of you.

(Lights go out. Flashes of gunfire. Commotion is heard. Lights come back on. WOMAN is slumped over MAN, blood all over her blouse. JAMES is on the floor, writhing in pain and screaming. BOBBI is holding a gun. Plainclothes detectives burst into the building. Cop cars flashing

lights are faint in the windows).

MAN

She's bleeding. It's all over her...

(BOBBI shakes head no)

It's her... She's...

(BOBBI reaches into WOMAN'S blouse and produces a wire)

(Scene and play slowly fades out as ANNOUNCER does a game synopsis.)

ANNOUNCER

(Vin Scullyesque offstage)

So the San Diego Padres have defeated the Dodgers tonight in a 14 inning mess of a game lasting 4 hours and 45 minutes on a John Kruk single scoring Tim Flannery off Alejandro Pena. Pena takes the loss after a wasted Jerry Reuss start; Lance McCullers the victory. The Dodgers got to Padres ace Andy Hawkins and were up five to nothing at the end of six, but an incredible six Dodger errors allowed the Padres to come back as Tony Gwynn went four for six with two stolen bases. It's almost the witching hour at Chavez Ravine... signing off until tomorrow. Good night, Los Angeles.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

(END PLAY)